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State Normal Magazine

Vol. 21

October 1916 — May 1917

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State Normal Magazine



MAY, 1917

Vol. 21 GREENSBORO, N. C. No. 8

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In Memoriam
Miss Eva May Bryan
Instructor in French

Died
June 29th, 1916



State Normal Magazine

VOL. 21

GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1916

No. 1

Eva May Bryan

W. C. SMITH

The tribute that follows here was given by Mr. Smith in the College auditorium on June 30, 1916, at the memorial service for Miss Eva May Bryan. The editors of the Magazine feel that every student should hear this tribute, which is, truly, the expression of the love and esteem in which we all held Miss Bryan. We wish you might have been here for this memorial service—quiet tender, deep as was she whom we mourned. The Bible readings for the occasion were no less appropriate than was the tribute itself. They were: Philippians 2: 12-16 and 2 Peter 1: 2-13. With Mr. Smith's kind permission we copy his tribute to Miss Bryan, and claim it as our tribute—the tribute of the student body.

THE EDITORS.

I have been asked, as spokesman for the faculty, to make acknowledgment in this presence of the gratitude due that sweet spirit whose passing, after six years' stay among us, leaves happy recollections of a well spent life.

The gentle presence of Eva May Bryan came to bless us six years ago. Her tarrying here seems all too short, but she leaves behind a most gracious fruitage and not one bitter memory.

Miss Bryan was an educated woman. By this I do not mean simply that she had mastered the traditional curricula of undergraduate and graduate study, had won coveted membership in the *Phi Beta Kappa* scholarship society, and had received the degrees of A. B. and A. M. from an institution of higher learning. All this she had done, and its sum total represents achievements not lightly won nor to be lightly esteemed. But our friend was an educated woman in a truer sense and by a more vital measurement than badges, diplomas, and degrees sometimes indicate. Hers

was an education that found expression in life and character.

"These five characteristics," writes Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, "I offer as evidences of an education: Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue; refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action; the power and habit of reflection; the power of growth; and efficiency, or the power to do."

It is well said, and we may profitably meditate upon it.

"*Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.*" Who that heard Eva May Bryan talk; who that was privileged to see her delightful letters; who that read her more formal papers, even those prepared for catalogue and bulletin—but would declare she met this test amply and convincingly?

"*Refined and gentle manners, the expression of fixed habits of thought and action*"—the happy words might seem born of a contemplation of her gracious personality! Fortunate are we in being privileged to claim as ours

an instructor, associate, and friend so happily illustrating this characteristic of higher education!

"The power and habit of reflection"—that, too, was hers in marked degree: deliberation that sought and weighed well both facts and attendant circumstances, a judgment singularly free from bias, and a healthy vision looking forward to noble ends and permanent achievement.

"The power of growth"—this she evidenced by continuous study and enlarged intellectual interests, and she reaped its worthy fruits in broadened views, deepened insights, more and more generous sympathies, and in ever-increasing calls to usefulness.

"Efficiency, or the power to do"—this is the focus of attack of all present-day critics of higher education. Miss Bryan met the test triumphantly. With her, knowledge was power expressed in terms of substantial help. In the routine of class room work, in the constructive planning of courses of study, in an advisory capacity for students and student organizations, and as member of various faculty committees, she was efficient, so thoroughly so, I think, that no one had to revise her work or supplement what she declared complete.

Miss Bryan was deeply interested

in the higher education of women. To this subject she gave much of her best thought. The good effects of her labor here are already seen and felt, and will, I believe, continue to bless us in the years to come.

Finally—and I approach the subject reverently, as becomes one who would speak of woman's spiritual nature—Miss Bryan had, I think, right conceptions of the truth that sets us free. She was far too modest a woman to make a display of her religious beliefs, but in her the principles of Christianity had living embodiment. To me, and I believe to all who knew her, the message of Eva Bryan seems best expressed in the passage read in your hearing today. Hear it again as it comes to us fraught with new beauty and a more personal meaning: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. * * I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things. *And I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance.*"

Little Sisters

MADELYN THOMPSON, '18, CORNELIAN

Little sisters, your presence here
Seems to help and seems to cheer;
And we hope that we may be
True and constant friends to thee.
Too true to flatter, too kind to sneer;
May you find us all sincere.
Little sisters, won't you be
Just such friends as we to thee?

The Red-headed Treasures

BERTIE CRAIG, '18, ADELPHIAN

Miss Priscilla frowned as she read her sister's letter, smiled bitterly as she re-read it and grimly laughed aloud as she read it for the third time. "Well," she remarked to the hideous Chinese idol on her writing desk, "Florence certainly leaves nothing to the imagination. Just listen! 'I am lending you my red-haired treasures, hoping their visit may be a blessing to you and help to melt your frozen heart.' Red-haired treasures indeed! Little goody-goodies I know. Of course, Florence's children would be angels even if they are red-headed twins. I hope they have a little of their father's disposition. But there! I won't think of Terrence Murphy, and as for his orphan children, if Florence thinks they can 'melt my frozen heart' enough for me to give her and them a life-long home here, she'll see!"

But Miss Priscilla was mistaken in calling the twins "goody-goodies." Terry and Prissy were far from angels, as she was soon to learn. They had no sooner arrived at the house than Terry uncovered a large cage they carried and disclosed a sharp-eyed parrot. "This is Martha Washington," he said with an engaging smile, while Prissy shyly added, "Mamma said you didn't like parrots 'cause you thought it was old-maidish."

"Old maid!" shrieked Martha Washington.

Miss Priscilla bit her lip. Her countenance was grim. For a moment she was silent; then she remarked dryly, "She certainly is a brilliant conversationalist. You must

keep her out of sight, for Hattie, the cook, thinks 'talking birds' are possessed of the evil one and would leave if she saw one here," and without pausing to see the effect of her words, she turned to lead the way to the children's room. Had she been looking she would have seen a quick look pass between Prissy and Terry.

The days went quickly. The children kept Miss Priscilla occupied from morning to night. "Surely," she thought, "no other twins have ever been so degenerate." Scarcely an hour passed but the neighbor across the street hurried over with the plaint, "Your niece and nephew have just captured Fifi and tied a can to her tail," or the woman next door emitted a shriek when her favorite rooster sneaked in shorn of his beautiful tail feathers, or some other similar diversion occurred.

"Those children are more interesting than a music box," she told the Chinese idol several days after their advent. "You never know what is coming next." Then her heart contracted with pain as she thought, "What will be my life when they return home?"

But Miss Priscilla had little time for introspection; her days were too full trying to straighten out affairs with her enraged neighbors and at the same time keep an eye on the irrepressible twins. The children needed no amusement; they manufactured enough for themselves and countless others. Hattie was for them an endless source of interest. She told them ghost tales, witch stories and every variety of Ku Klux yarn. Every day

found them at Hattie's house in the back yard.

"Hattie," Terry would ask solemnly, "you don't sure 'nough b'lieve in ghosts, do you?" and Hattie's voice would sink to a whisper, "Sho' I do, Marse Terry, for ain't my mammy seen many a one? But I know a charm to keep them from hurtin' you."

"What is it?" in eager tones from Prissy, and Hattie would recite in sepulchral voice, "Rabbit foot, wish bone, graveyard, take 'way dis here skellyton frum me."

All this was known to the mistress of the house, but she refrained from interference. One beautiful moonlit night, however, she came to the realization that she could no longer close her eyes to the children's pranks. She was peacefully reading in the library. The children had gone to bed. Suddenly the quiet was shattered by a prolonged yell and Hattie burst into the room and fell on her knees.

"Oh, Lawdy," she moaned, "de hants has come fur me. Oh, Lawdy, Miss Priscilla, dey shore is."

"Nonsense," came the crisp reply. "What ever put such notions in your silly brain?"

"Dey said so and dey is standing right in my house waiting fur me."

"You have been dreaming. Gc home and go to bed," answered prosaic Miss Priscilla. This Hattie steadfastly refused to do, and finally Miss Priscilla, much exasperated, arose and marched forth to ascertain the cause of the mystic appearance. Hattie, who was afraid to be left alone, followed tremblingly. All was quiet as they approached the cabin. Miss Priscilla pushed wide the door and stepped within. The bright moonlight, streaming through the window, revealed two white figures standing in the centre of the room, while from their midst proceeded in guttural tones

the bloodcurdling words, "Sinner, sinner, prepare!"

Fearless Miss Priscilla instinctively turned to flee, but found her path blocked by Hattie, who had fallen on her knees and was moaning softly. Then her common sense got the better of her fears and a brilliant idea came into her head.

"Old maid," she said aloud, and the voice screamed an echo, "old maid!" Miss Priscilla marched up to the white figures and grabbed one with each hand.

"Terry and Prissy, come into the house and bring that odious Martha Washington with you," she said sternly, and turned to go, pulling them with her. The twins stumbled in their awkward draperies.

"Aunt Priscilla," came Terry's plaintive, smothered voice, "wait! we can't walk."

"Well, pull off those sheets." Miss Priscilla herself was energetically removing fold after fold of the white covering as she spoke. Finally the twins emerged in their natural forms and straggled after their aunt into the house. Hattie followed unobserved, but when they reached the door she called out:

"Miss Priscilla, I'se gwine leave. I won't stay at no place wid such goin's on as dis. I'se gwine ober to Sis' Mary's and I'll come back tomor-rer fur my things."

Miss Priscilla turned with dignity and when she spoke her voice was noticeably restrained.

"Very well, I'll settle our accounts then."

The twins were stricken with remorse. They had lost Aunt Priscilla her cook. Silently and with a crest-fallen air they followed their aunt into the library.

"Children," Miss Priscilla said gravely, but with a faint twinkle in her eye, "don't you know it is un-

kind to impose on a person's ignorance as you did Hattie's?"

Terry and Prissy hung their heads.

"Now go to bed," she said kindly.

The twins flung themselves on Miss Priscilla and hugged her fervently.

"You're a darling not to scold," whispered Prissy softly. Then they

turned and scampered from the room.

Miss Priscilla stood quietly a moment before she walked to her writing desk.

After scribbling a few minutes, she looked up at the Chinese idol and

said, "I can't give up the twins, so I've asked Florence to come here to live."

The Whispering Pines

JESSIE MCKEE, '18, CORNELIAN

Softly and gently their echoes are borne
Far on the sighing breezes;
They murmur and croon and seem to mourn
Like the surf as it sounds in its ne'er ceasing round.
Thus the pines sing their song of sorrow profound.

Each to the others, they murmur and sigh,
When all else is still they are murmuring on;
Their song is fraught with a mystery
Unfathomed, yet subtly breathed forth in the air,
Sorrow and passion and soul are there.

What are they saying, the whispering pines,
As they tremble and stir in the stillness,
Shadows falling in wavering lines,
The flickering lights, the shimmering green
And the strong respirations of perfume keen?

Lifting their heads in grave pride to the sky,
They breathe of a joy through pain.
Patience and strength and tenderness lie
In the silence and calm that a bruised soul finds
In the deep-souled song of the whispering pines.

Our College—The Place of the Open Door

DELIVERED BY MR. W. C. SMITH AT THE OPENING OF THE COLLEGE ON MONDAY, SEPT. 18, 1916

If you have tears prepare—*not* to shed them now. I have no sentimental appeals and no formidable array of solemn injunctions for you on this your educational birthday; but rather a friendly word of encouragement and good cheer such as I would welcome were I in your place and such as I would have some better qualified friend give my daughter were she, like you, just entering college, or standing at the threshold of a new college year.

Twenty-five years ago, when your fathers and mothers were leaving the sanctuary of home for the untried experiences of college life, it was the custom to warn them, solemnly and repeatedly, against the dangers and temptations to which they must inevitably be exposed. Born of these solemn admonitions, perhaps the most vivid conception that the student of that earlier period carried to college was the presupposition that the higher institutions of learning were, somehow, places of the lower temptations.

If you, too, have brought here to your state college for women that impression, I wish in the outset to sound a new note of reminding you of the forces of uplift prevalent here, and of the splendid opportunities, which are henceforth yours, to acquire and to practice the highest ideals of human efficiency and happy service.

To my mind a college society and a college atmosphere, far from being things of evil, are the best society and the best atmosphere in the world. There the high white star of truth shines brightest; there high ideals and worthy ambitions are born and nurtured; there helpful and lasting

friendships are formed; and love of the beautiful and true is fostered; there laudable enthusiasms and generous motives and the fines graces and courtesies of life are cultivated; and there each day's striving after sweetness and light is led by faith and tempered with charity.

Our college, then, yours and mine, the place of the open door tempting us to ever better and higher things—this is our subject.

More specifically, I want to plead for one thing—an *attitude of mind* which, ceasing to think of the student's life as one of enforced obligation, shall regard it day by day and ever more and more as *opportunity*.

"An open door of opportunity for the woman of North Carolina"—that is how Dr. Melver, the founder of the college, thought of it in the days of its origin, establishment, and testing. Opportunity—on that plea and to that end the college is supported by the state; that the daughters of the commonwealth may have advantages equal to those provided for its sons, and comparable to those accessible to women in any other state of the union.

Opportunity—that is the meaning of this large faculty, with its diversity of age, sex, teaching credentials, and varying degrees of specialism—that all good things may be yours in the making of an intelligent, alert, and many-sided woman. That is the meaning of the several courses of study—not that regardless of values you may find the line of least resistance, but that with varied resources at your disposal you may in accordance with your aptitudes and your purpose in

life elect the most efficient means to thorough equipment for womanly service. That, too, is the meaning of the elective studies in a given course; opportunity to choose what *for you* is most needful and *therefore best*.

That is the meaning also of the many organizations; the Young Women's Christian Association, with its Bible and mission classes, the literary societies, the Student Government Association, the musical organizations, the Magazine board, the Dramatic Club, the aids to self-help, the Athletic Association and varied forms of outdoor sports, the lectures, concerts and social gatherings—opportunities all for well-rounded development; intellectual, spiritual, physical, professional and social.

Towards all these things, this week and next, and this term and next, you will be forming an *attitude of mind*. A right attitude of mind will add immensely to your happiness and efficiency and to the well-being of all with whom you come in contact. A wrong attitude of mind, no matter how diligent you are in the study of books, will rob you of much of the joy and zest of college life.

Towards some of these things, then—for time does not permit me to consider them all—I wish to suggest what I think should be the student's attitude of mind.

The first concerns your relations with the faculty. What shall be your attitude of mind toward those who are to teach you? Shall it be that of hostility, prejudice, simple tolerance, mental indifference, or shall it be one of open-mindedness, sympathy, cheerful faith and cooperation? The faculty hand, does it, as some would seem to think, exist to threaten, repress, mortify and subdue, or is it stretched out to you in sympathy and support? These men and women, are they

“Gorgons, hydras, and chimaeras dire,”

or shall we credit them with a reasonable degree of humanity and a sincere interest in your personal welfare? If their mission here is to help and encourage you, are you going to cooperate with them or will you be as disquieting as Hamlet's ghost, unresponsive to all appeals and with no speculation in your eyes? The most deadening thing in a class atmosphere is listlessness. To get the most out of a recitation and lecture period we need to approach the class alert and hopeful and in a blessed mood of anticipation. Bryant's classic lines, however appropriate to impending dissolution, are not to be applied to class attendance: Approach not thy class “as one who wraps the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.” The class room is neither a morgue nor a cemetery, either before or after examinations, and a teacher should not be expected to conduct a coroner's inquest or mark the resting place of the deceased. Every recitation and lecture period is a student opportunity and should be valued and utilized as such.

Other open doors of opportunity calling for right attitudes of mind are found in the college offices of administration. To some of you who have been summoned there this may seem a pleasant way of saying an unpleasant thing, and may, therefore, be regarded as irony or hyperbole, or as simply a bold untruth.

The attitude of mind you adopt towards the administrative and executive forces of the college will leave its impress upon you for better or for worse. Shall it be that of suspicion, resentment, injured innocence and hysterics, or courtesy, good will and thoughtful cooperation?

The function of the administrative office is to smooth difficulties; to cor-

rect, adjust, facilitate, harmonize, and unify. It is not, as some might think, an ingenious system for creating unnecessary difficulties to the accompaniment of "Tommy this, and Tommy that, and Tommy wait outside."

Did it ever occur to you what it means to adjust the difficulties and correct the mistakes, and meet the desires, and harmonize the activities of a thousand people of a thousand minds and a thousand wills? Did it ever occur to you that hour after hour and year after, these officers are under a terrific mental and spiritual strain; that they are constantly forced to consider unpleasant, perplexing, and troublesome things and yet are expected to obey the injunction of the photographer and "look pleasant, please?" Have you considered that they are called on to remedy almost every known disaster from expiring lights and absentee overshoes to disgruntled cooks and despairing professors? Did it ever occur to you how little reward and how little public recognition there is for all this? There is not a student in college who cannot lessen the burden and the strain of executive and administrative labors by a little thoughtfulness, and by an occasional timely word of appreciation.

What do you suppose would happen if on a certain day, the sun shining ever so brightly, those officers had no troubles to adjust, and the only caller should be one coming voluntarily with a word of appreciation and good cheer, saying, "I just dropped in to tell you how thoroughly I am enjoying life; how comfortable I am, how delicious and tempting the menus, how attractive the lesson assignments, how sympathetic the instructors; in a word, how delightful are all my circumstances and associations!" I cannot myself imagine what would happen, but the Bible speaks of the mountains

skipping like rams and the little hills like lambs—and in some such skipping mood I imagine our chief dignitaries and their assistants would find themselves on that auspicious day. Whatever the effect upon the officials, of one thing I feel assured, that the bearer of the kindly message would perceive that virtue had gone out of her.

I should like to say something about our attitude of mind toward our fellow students and toward the various college organizations, but the principle already enunciated holds good with all, and, with one more thought, I conclude.

We must not be unmindful of our relation towards the community in which we live. You cannot spend a year or more in a progressive community such as this, coming in contact with its people and institutions—on the streets, in the stores, in private homes, at public functions, and in the churches—without being impressed by them and in turn making your impress upon them. And the impress you make, be it remembered, is the college impress. The relation existing between the people of Greensboro and the students and faculty of this college has at all times been most friendly and cordial. They are ready, in season and out of season, to give you of their best, and you in turn have opportunity to do much for them. Much of your impress will be made in little ways and in unthought-of moments. The appreciative recognition you give the laboring man who yields his seat to you on the car; the degree of consideration you manifest for the tired shop girl and delivery clerk; the regularity and promptness with which you attend church and Sabbath school; the spirit in which you enter into the services—all that you do and say contributing to increased public respect for education and a nobler concep-

tion of womanhood are veritable contributions on your part to state and society.

Finally, to all these and other unnamed agencies of happiness and uplift so abundant here, I bid you welcome. They are open doors, doors of

opportunity. Led of the spirit, you will joyfully enter in and take your part of the good things which lie beyond. That spirit I wish you in ever increasing measure—the happy spirit of generous responsiveness to ever present opportunity.

The Mist

MARGARET GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

Starlight!

The valleys are mistily white
As eiderdown, edging the garment of night,
And the mountains, rearing their heads, seem affright
At the rising wreaths of misty light.

Daybreak!

The white seems to billow and quake
And break in the breeze, like a storm-ruffled lake,
And behold! it is blue and no longer opaque;
'Tis masses of opals. The day is awake!

Sunrise!

A flash of gold dazzles the eyes.
Lambent wealth in a sea before Midas lies.
At his call, lo, the red gold chariots rise,
And the mist in the heart of the red sun dies.

The Traitor

ELIZABETH ROUNTREE, '18, ADELPHIAN

"Yes, sir, I understand, sir. I'll do my best. Thank you, sir." Young private O'Connor saluted, received the small packet and passed proudly out of the general's tent. Understand? Of course he understood and no matter what dangers stood in the way he should do his duty well. Perhaps, who knew what fate held in store for him, perhaps this task would bring approval from the powers that be, and then, a small commission.

"Halt!" sang out the picket. "Ah, it's you, 'private Red-Top!' What did General Young want with you?"

"Ah, ha! me brave mate; sure and that would be tellin' the Ginerals' secrets if I told ye that. Maybe I'll be made aide-de-camp, and thin I will boss ye around sure!" He laughed and dodged past as his friend's musket swung at his head. Contrary to custom, when in camp, he hurried on past a crowd of loungers and entering his tent, packed his knapsack and slipped the precious envelope inside his belt. In a few moments he was ready for his journey and reported to his captain. At roll call he slipped away from his mystified comrades and left camp.

"I wonder what makes me feel so light and giddy," his thoughts ran. "Sure, and it's thinkin' of how proud me old mither will be of me when I go home an' tell her. Ah, but this is a *good* old world, an' I love it! Hm, wonder where I'll camp tonight; over there on 'Humpback,' I reckon."

His feet struck hard gravel and he began to climb upward along the narrow path worn by the sheep and goats of the mountains.

"What did that good-for-nothing Joe Metts mean asking me so many questions? I'm blowed if I don't believe he's jealous of me—what a good one on him!"

He walked steadily for a few moments, then stopped with a low whistle of wonder, watching a flock of cardinals settle for the night. This was a good enough place for him and he would rest here with the feathered folk—for must he not also be off toward the south before dawn? He selected a grassy spot under a giant pine, and whistling, began to gather wood for his fire. The flames were leaping high and the coffee pot singing merrily, when suddenly he was startled by the sharp snap of a dry twig behind him. He straightened up, reaching involuntarily toward his hip pocket, then laughed at his nervousness and quietly returned to the task of preparing supper. After the meal, as he was building up the fire, preparatory to "turning in," Pat heard the rustle of leaves and sat up quickly as a man parted the underbrush and came forward. As he entered the circle of firelight Pat saw that he was a ragged negro and kindly invited him to draw up and warm himself, for the night was growing chilly.

"No sah, I reckon not, thank ye, sah. I'll just be gettin' long. I saw yo' fire an' thought I 'ud see who you was, dat is, ye see I thought you mought be my pal, Jack Simpson. Thankee, sah, I'll be movin' on if yo' ain't seed nothin' of him."

"But, here," protested Pat, "ye cannot leave like that, man. Draw

up an' tell me who ye be and where ye're bound."

"Thank ye, sah," returned the negro, as he sat down, leaning his back against the great tree trunk.

"'Scuse me, sah," after a pause, in which he had been steadily regarding Pat, "'scuse me, but ain't you Marse Pat O'Connor of Company B?"

The other started and stared cautiously at his companion. At last he drawled:

"Well, what is that to ye who I be? Sure, an' it's me own business, I hope."

"Well, sah," continued the negro confidently, "I 'lowed it was an' dat's how come I'se here tonight. I reckon you mought call me a camp follower, anyhow, me an' Jack, we sees what we can see and—'scuse me, sah, for buttin' in—but you bettah be keerful," his voice sank to a whisper; "you bettah be keerful wid dat little bunch o' papers yo' is carryin' around. No, don't ax me whah I gits it! A feller, Metts is his name—ain't got no good feelin' for you. Well, good night, sah, an' thank ye fo' de warmin' by de fire. I'll be off lookin' fo' Jack now."

With the last words the bushes parted and he was gone, gone as completely as though he had never been. Pat sat listening for a long while, then rubbed his eyes unbelievably.

"Mither o' Moses! Is it dreamin' I am? Metts, Joe Metts, what a fool person to be warned about! Joe's too simple to harm a flea! Well, I must be gettin' to bed and forget this foolishness."

Nevertheless, before going to sleep he climbed a tall tree and sighted for fires. Seeing nothing, he laughed again at his nervousness and lay down beside the coals, his revolver at his hand.

A sharp hiss from above awakened him about three hours later. He sat

bolt upright in the darkness and listened, pistol in hand. The fire was quite dead, the silence intense. Suddenly strong arms bound him from behind, then a heavy blow over the head, and—oblivion.

* * * * *

Two days later all was bustle and excitement in General Young's quarters. Rumor had it that O'Connor, of all men, had deserted, proved traitor!

"Here, Johnson," the general spoke, "have young Metts report to me at once."

"Yes, sir," replied the orderly, and hurried out, returning in a few moments with big, hulking Joe Metts in tow. Both men stood at attention, until

"That will do, Johnson; you will leave us undisturbed."

General Young picked up a paper weight, examining it from all sides before he finally spoke.

"Well, Metts, give us the whole story. I have heard only fragments and I am anxious to get the straight of it, of course." He paused. "Where was it you first saw O'Connor?"

"I was off duty, sir, around the quarters, when I saw O'Connor enter his tent. He seemed in a great hurry and I naturally wondered what it was all about. I asked him a few questions, but he gave me such short answers I didn't follow him. A half hour later, I-I wandered to the edge of the clearing to find a shady place to read. Soon I-I heard voices on the other side of the brush and distinguished O'Connor's brogue in the jumble. He seemed to be disputing with some person about-about a certain p-price—"

"And did you recognize the other voice?" broke in his auditor.

"No, sir," came the answer, "I had never heard the other voice before, I am sure. At last it was all settled and Pat—er—O'Connor muttered some—"

thing as the other fellow said laughingly, 'It's a fancy price, but I reckon this little budget's worth it to Major Edgerton!' Then, then there was a rustle of leaves and I-I heard no more. That is the story, sir, and I-I'm sorry to have to tell it, because I would have trusted Pat—er—O'Connor anywhere, sir," he stopped and stood with lowered head, nervously fingering his cap.

"And so would I," muttered the general, "and so would I. Well, that will do, Metts, and thank you. You will give this story exactly as you have given it to me at the hearing."

Private Metts saluted, turned, and left the tent.

"Major Edgerton! Well, Patrick was bent on doing the job thoroughly. Ye gods! This will mean surrender to the South! All through misplaced confidence. If I'd sent Metts now—oh, well, one can't tell what a man will do when he's tempted. Patrick O'Connor a *traitor!*"

And so he was branded throughout the army and all possible contempt was heaped upon his unconscious red head. Although searching parties scoured the woods and mountains for him, no sign was ever seen of his passing. General Young's division all the while was forced back, back, and never once until the surrender of the "grays" did fortune smile upon them.

* * * * *

At the great reunion of the "Boys in Gray" at Chattanooga, the city was swarming with veterans. General Young threw open his home, which was in the suburbs, to his division, quartering the officers in the house and the men in army tents through the spacious grounds. At last, after the numerous speeches, mass meetings, and other what-not attendant upon the reunions, came the great parade which was to end the celebration. Gray uni-

forms were everywhere and everywhere gray old men were crowding to find places in the grand march. A slim, girlish figure, mounted on a spirited black horse, rose dominant above the swirling figures on the street. It was she, the granddaughter of General Young and sponsor to Company B, who directed the line formation and who finally gave the signal for "Dixie" when the line, amid a tremendous shout, moved off.

Along the sidewalk there was an angry growl as some one elbowed a way to the front.

"Get back where you belong, you crazy idiot!" The remark, accompanied by a rough push was directed at an old gray haired man, unshaven and in rags. He swayed and turned to stare vacantly at the crowd. A merry laugh rang out as some one recognized the town's "crazy man."

"Why, it's 'Nobody!' Well, of all the nerve!" In this he seemed to realize that it was all right and turned to stare at the moving veterans. A stoop-shouldered figure passed before him, smiling shame-facedly as he was hailed "Lieutenant Joe Metts, the hero of Company B." The old man in the crowd rubbed his eyes in a daze, then looked again as wonderment, recognition crowded into his face. He started, passed his hand over his brow and looked down in amazement at his ragged costume. Memories came rushing into his brain after blank years.

"Look out, runaway horse!"—a woman's scream, and down the street came the big black horse careering wildly, a girl clinging to the heavy mane. There was a gasp from the frightened crowd as a ragged man dashed out and leaped high, swinging to the maddened animal's bridle. The headlong rush was stopped, the girl saved—but a senseless heap was

dashed to the pavement. General Young was there in a second and carried the unconscious figure away in his own arms. He bent over the haggard old face as he laid the burden down. For the first time he saw something strangely familiar about the worn features, the unkempt red hair, now almost white, that he had known so well as "Nobody."

Finally, "Patrick O'Connor, it is surely you! And are you the man to save my baby for me? *You a traitor?*"

At the last words the blue eyes opened and Pat looked up into his old commander's face, trying feebly to smile.

"No, Gin'ral, I am no traitor; the boys don't think *that*, do they?" his voice grew dreamy. "It-it seems that I have been asleep, dreaming a

long, long time; that men scorned me, and—and kicked me around. I don't—don't know just what—what happened, but I—I saw, in my dream a—a camp fire and Joe's ugly face hovering over me all twisted. Yes, that's it," he spoke with certainty, "I know now; there was a—a bit of a tussle, sir, but Joe hit me, hit me from behind," he paused, watching curiously the tears coursing down the general's face, "I'd 'ave got him, sir, but for that. You must—not think—I am—a traitor, sir—never *that*," his breath was coming short; "It's—my time to go—I reckon—good-bye, sir," his voice trailed into silence, then he sighed.

A moment later General Young reverently crossed the still hands, saluted and passed out.

What's the Use?

NANCY PORTER, '18, CORNELIAN

LIZZIE DALTON, '18, ADELPHIAN

What's the use to fuss and worry,
Even though you have to hurry?
Each day has its separate care.
Do your best and you'll get there.

What's the use to be complaining
Even if it should be raining?
Each cloud has a silver lining,
You know the sun will soon be shining.

What's the use of never smiling,
Even though your heart is pining?
Make your motto, "Never grumble."
Keep right on e'en though you stumble.

What's the use of always sighing?
Cheer your neighbor 'stead of crying;
Just make others' burdens lighter,
Then your life grows ever brighter.

“Wagner and His Ideals”

BELLE BULLOCK, 18, CORNELIAN

Richard Wagner is by far the most important figure in the history of modern opera. Instead of despising what had been done by his predecessors, he assimilated all that was best in their works, only rejecting the narrow conventions into which so many of them had fallen. His music is the development of Gluck and Weber, purified by a closer study of the principles of declamation, and enriched by a command of orchestral resource of which they had never dreamed.

In spite of the acknowledged success of his great work, “Rienzi,” Wagner’s enemies were never tired of repeating that, like Monteverde, he had invented a new system because he could not manipulate the old. Fortunately the discovery of his Symphony in C put an end to all doubts as to the thoroughness of his musical education. Broadly speaking, Wagner’s aim was the reform of the opera from the standpoint of Beethoven’s music. He not only professed to be a reformer of the opera, but also tried to show how dramatic art might be made the mirror of the forces that work for progress in human life, and at the same time to contribute to the elevation of society through its convincing preservation of the loftiest ideals. He convinced the music drama to be the highest form of art, a means by which man may be revealed to man as he is and as he may be. He aimed: to make the opera a serious and noble form of art, instead a mere plaything or a means of producing temporary excitement; to treat upon the stage subjects which had moral and intellec-

tual as well as aesthetic value, and to create personages who could be recognized as genuine and representative; to raise poetry, music, action, and scenery to the highest possible completeness and power and to unite them all on equal terms for the production of a concentrated and immediate impression upon the emotion.

The first element in Wagner’s operatic forms is the energetic protest against the artificial and conventional in music. The lack of dramatic symmetry in the operas, we have been accustomed to hear, could only be overlooked by the force of habit, and the tendency to submerge all else in the mere enjoyment of the music. The utter variance of music and poetry was to Wagner the stumbling block which, first of all, must be removed. Therefore, he crushed at one stroke all the hard, arid forms which existed in the drama.

The peculiar character of Wagner’s word drama next arouses critical interest and attention. The composer was his own poet. He rejected the forms of blank verse and rhyme as utterly unsuited to the lofty purposes of music. By the use of this new form, verse and melody glide together in one exquisite rhythm, in which it seems impossible to separate one from the other.

The next main feature in Wagner’s music is the wonderful use of the orchestra as a factor in the solution of the art problem. This is no more a mere accompaniment to the singer, but translates the passion of the play into a grand symphony. Wagner, as

a master of orchestration, used his power with marked effect to heighten the dramatic intensity of the action, and at the same time to convey certain meanings. The orchestra, then, became as much an integral part of the music-drama, in its actual current movement, as the chorus or leading performance.

The next great step by Wagner was the introduction of the themes. The use, occasionally, of some characteristic musical phrase to illustrate the recurrence of a special personality or phase of thought has given way to a deliberate system in which not only each of the characters in the drama, but also their thoughts, feelings, and aspirations, are represented by a distinct equivalent. Although they had

been used by Bach, Beethoven, and even Gretry with timidity and caution, Wagner was the first to recognize their importance in music, and their full poetic possibility.

A fifth prominent characteristic of Wagner's music-drama is that, to develop its full splendor, there must be a cooperation of all the arts—painting, sculpture and architecture, with music and poetry. Therefore, in realizing its effects, much importance rests in the visible beauties of action.

Wagner so greatly altered the whole course of modern opera that it is inconceivable that a work should now be written without traces more or less of the musical system founded and developed by Richard Wagner.

Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy, or within himself, an evil he can hope to overcome.

“Dis is a purty 'blogin' ol' worl',” said Uncle Eben, “‘an’ if you lets it git gener’ly known dat you’s lookin’ foh trouble, hit’s mighty li’ble to ’commodate you.”

“Make the most of yourself, for that’s all there is of you.”

—Emerson.

“There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility lies in being superior to your previous self.”

—Hindoo Sayings.

Billy Rankin, Star

E. ROUNTREE, E. COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIANS

It would seem that the poor trolley had already reached its capacity, but nevertheless Billy and Nancy, breathless after their mad dash, managed to squeeze in.

"Goodness," gasped Billy, "there's not a seat left. And this horrid old tripod thing is taking up all the room here on the platform!" With the last remark she directed a vindictive little kick at the innocent offender.

Nancy: "Say, Billy, will you please look at those distinguished looking people up front? I know that wonderful haircut was *never* administered in this town!"

Billy had been rapidly putting two and two together and voiced the results of her calculations.

"I'll bet I know who those folks are! They are those much-talked-of movie folks and this thing here is a really, truly moving picture camera."

Nancy became enthusiastic. "Gee! Let's follow them and watch 'em take some of the scenes; wouldn't that be wonderful?"

They had been slowly drifting up the aisle and had come to a stop just in front of the possessor of the marvelous haircut. Billy, glancing at him in curiosity, found to her intense delight that he possessed also a very wonderful pair of brown eyes. He jumped quickly to his feet and stood aside as Billy and Nancy sank down gratefully.

Billy, after a brief survey of the other strangers in that part of the car, decided that they also must belong to the company. She glanced up at the man beside her seat and found him gazing intently at her. She blushed

and dropped her eyes when he, raising his hat, leaned over slightly and spoke:

"I beg pardon, but are you at all interested in motion pictures?"

Billy colored slightly. "Why, yes, of course, all school girls are? Are you out now taking scenes?" she asked, rather thrilled at making conversation with this good looking stranger.

"Yes," he replied; adding, "how would you like to come down and see us take a few?"

Nancy, rather coldly: "Thank you, but I think I had better not."

Billy plainly showed her disappointment as she murmured, "Perhaps not."

"Of course, I wouldn't have you get into any trouble," he hastened to reply. "But this is really quite harmless. It is only a public scene in the 'Red Dragon' tea room."

By this time the company had evidently reached its destination, for the various members were gathering together their belongings. Just as their chance acquaintance was disappearing, Billy murmured regretfully:

"What a *lost* opportunity!"

The two soon were making the customary round of the stores, but there was an unusual lack of zest, for in both minds was a rosy-hued picture of a little Japanese tea room, by now the scene of much excitement.

Thither they turned their steps presently, only, as Nancy explained, "to take a tiny peep at the crowd." But the "tiny peep" was too alluring, and soon the two girls were edging their way inside. From the remarks

of the spectators it was evident that one scene had already been taken and another was in preparation. The manager was busy selecting "extras" from the crowd and as his glance fell on Nancy and Billy he hurried toward them with a delighted smile of recognition.

"So you did come after all! Now that you are here, help me out of a scrape. We need extras of just your type, the places are inconspicuous, but very necessary. What do you say?"

Billy: "Oh, Nancy, let's do!"

"Why," said Nancy, doubtfully, "I'm not just sure that we ought."

Billy: "Nobody will ever recognize us, and it will be *such* a lark!"

Nancy was really not hard to persuade and in a few moments they were being hurriedly introduced to two nice looking actors. The director then took the centre of the floor and began explaining the scene.

"This tea room represents an exclusive cabaret on Fifth Avenue and the assembly is rather Bohemian in character. Our lead, Mr. Grainger, is a struggling artist, who has just made his first really good sale. This party is in celebration. Now, toasts and impromptu dancing are in order. I will leave the rest with you. All right, Grainger!" he gave the signal to the camera man and the action began.

Billy and Nancy sat quiet for a while, watching the leads, but as the excitement increased they left their table and hurried across the floor to mingle with the others. Toasts were being drunk and as the orchestra began playing, Billy unconsciously took the first steps of Pavlova's Swan Dance.

The chatter died away. All turned to watch with admiration the graceful movements of the young girl. Billy, forgetting everything, danced as she had never before. In a moment the spell was broken, and realizing what

she was doing, Billy blushed furiously and fell back abashed amid the generous applause. At a word from the director the scene ended and Billy and Nancy, frightened at their own audacity, hurried toward the door. There they were met by the director, who was enthusiastic in his praise of Billy's work.

"You have *made* this picture!" he said. "I have never seen such dancing. Please give me your name; it would be a shame for it not to be known."

Billy, already terrified, shook her head and said, "I'm sorry, but it's impossible. I've been very indiscreet," and turning, the two hurried out.

* * * * *

A few days later a very interesting conference was being held in the dean's office.

"But, my dear Mr. Wright, this is really preposterous. I will admit that there are two young ladies in school answering your descriptions, who are perfectly capable of doing this thing. As for your seeing them, that is quite impossible. I must confess I am very much grieved that two of my girls should have acted with so little judgment."

"But, Miss Wendell," he persisted, "I assure you that there was nothing imprudent in the young lady's action. It was entirely spontaneous and very beautiful. Come down and see the scene and you will be convinced. The girl is a born dancer. Let us use her for the remainder of the picture and both she and your school will become widely known, I feel sure, with no slur on your good name." He finished, earnest pleading in his dark eyes.

"It is certainly an extraordinary request you are making," she replied, slightly mollified. "Perhaps I had

better confer with Miss Rankin herself."

She hurried away and Billy's champion could hardly wait for the decision that he felt sure would now be favorable. Soon footsteps were heard returning and he sprang to his feet as the subject of his pleadings entered the room. The door was closed and

the group of girls waiting anxiously outside the office were finally rewarded. The voices on the other side of the partition rose higher; Billy's light laugh mingling delightfully with a deep bass. The door opened and Miss Wilhelmina Rankin, movie star for a season, emerged followed by *her* manager.

Others shall

"Take patience, courage, to their heart and hand
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer
And God's grace fructify through thee to all."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

"He who has learnt on solid grounds to put some value on himself seems to have renounced the right of undervaluing others." —*Goethe.*

"It is always a mistake to plan a single detail of another's life; the more entirely one avoids this the safer the relationship."

—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

“You’re It”

LAURA LINN WILEY, '18, ADELPHIAN

There was a scramble on the other side of the wall and a loud “Hey, dere!” John turned to see from where this salutation had come and met the gaze of a pair of inquisitive greenish gray eyes, peering at him over the top of the wall. “Hey, dere! Ain’t you goin’ to speak?” asked a queer voice, as its owner mounted the wall.

By this time John was on his feet. What a nuisance to be interrupted so unceremoniously! He was tired, for he had been on a cross-country hike and had sat down in this inviting spot to enjoy his lunch. Who on earth could this strange person be and what was he doing? John did not know that he had chosen as his resting place the boundary of an insane asylum and that his new acquaintance was none other than Allie Meekey, one of the escaped inmates. He was indeed a frightful looking figure. His tousled hair, snagged teeth, squint eyes, and large ears all added to his grotesque appearance. As he came into full view, John saw that he held a large butcher knife tight in one hand. Thinking the time for depar-

ture was drawing near, John hastened his footsteps, and Allie, ready for a chase, jumped from the wall and started after him.

A minute later John could have almost been arrested for “speeding.” Right down the street of the village went pursued and pursuer. A heroic sheriff tried to stop John, but at the sight of Allie Meekey, vanished up a tree. On they went, past “tobacco chewing” politicians, village gossipers, and squawking hens, on out into farmer Corntassel’s pasture. As a last resort John attempted to jump from a high rock across a branch and fell. He tried in vain to rise. His ankle was sprained. On came the relentless Allie, until he was within a few feet of his victim. A friendly grin made him look even more hideous than before. He slowly approached on tiptoe, brandishing his knife high in the air. Now he was within reach and John could almost feel the keen blade as his victor lightly tapped him on the shoulder and said, “Tag, you’re it! Now you’ve got to chase me!”

Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. Work, hope, trust. Keep in touch with today. Teach yourself to be practical and up-to-date and sensible. You cannot fail.

To look ever toward the noblest ideal for oneself, yet to forgive the failure to live up to it in every other—this is indispensable to right living.

—Edward Howard Griggs.

Paper Dolls

SUE RAMSEY JOHNSON, '18, CORNELIAN

"There was an old woman who lived
in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't
know what to do."

That Mother Goose rhyme expresses the relation of a little girl to her paper doll family. Whenever we think of paper dolls, we can always imagine a small girl making paper dolls and paper doll houses. She cuts the dolls from the Ladies' Home Journal and fashion sheets and furniture from various catalogues. She gets countless numbers of chairs, beds, tables, and other household furnishings from the "Baby Grand" for the parlor to the mats for the dining table and tin spoons for the kitchen. There is no doubt but that she loves her paper dolls.

Let us look at the same girl when she grows up and comes to the Normal. We see that she has not grown up in one respect, for she has paper dolls strung all across one side of her

room. These paper dolls, however, have quite a different meaning from the ones she played with when she was a little girl. These, like her others, are all named, but the names are all very different. Instead of being "Mama," "Papa," and "Baby," they are "Sun., Oct. 15th," "Mon., Oct. 16th," "Tues., Oct. 17th," and all the other days and weeks and months till the day she leaves for home. The "Sundays" are larger than the other days. She would not have torn one of those dolls of her early childhood for anything in the world, but it is with joyful hands that she tears these dolls of Normal days from the wall. When she removes the "Sundays," she breathes a sigh of relief because another week is gone.

It is only another childish joy that has found its way into girlhood's glad, wild ways. We welcome it and wonder what we will find the "paper dolls" of womanhood playing.

The unhappy are always wrong: wrong in being so, wrong in saying so, wrong in needing the help of others.

—Margaret Stone.

Since few large pleasures are lent us on a long lease, it is wise to cultivate a large undergrowth of small pleasures.



CAROLINE L. GOFORTH



JUANITA McDOUGALD



MARGARET H. GEORGE



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KATIE B. PRIDGEN



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From time immemorial Juniors have been dubbed'd jolly. **OUR NEW DRESS** I have always taken its truth on faith just as I now am the stateliness of Seniors. I never really believed that Juniors are actually more lighthearted than other college folk. But I am convinced. When our Juniors came to us editors and said, "Look here, if you want us to take the first number of the Magazine for a Junior number, you've got to bring its days of mourning to an end. We simply will not have our happy thoughts clothed in solemn funereal gray." So the State Normal Magazine has gone out of mourning into a garment of the brightness, and, we think, piquancy of our Juniors. God bless 'em every one.

C. G.

We are always being cautioned to be careful and listen to **DON'T LISTEN** this and that, but there are a few things that our new girls, especially, should not listen to. Surely anything with a "*don't listen*" attached to it will be received with praise and thanksgiving.

Often an old girl says things she really doesn't mean in order to impress a new girl. For instance, perhaps one of our wise Sophomores or jolly Juniors, or maybe a stately Senior, will relate to a crowd of new girls her experience and success at the game of bluffing. Right here is where you "*don't listen.*" There is no more fatal game to gamble with than is the game of bluffing. In the first place, you are harming yourself by practicing a lie, and in the second place, you will never get through by bluffing. Let me tell you a secret. One time a *very* new girl entered here and she had the game explained well to her. She concluded it was *the thing* to do; needless to say she reaped *the thing* in the form of a generous crop of fives and sixes.

Another "*don't listen:*" We have here in our busy, active college community one place where rest may be found. Doubtless you have already discovered this haven, but in case you haven't, let me direct you to the library. Here we may find absolute comfort and quiet if, when someone calls our attention to a joke in *Life* or wants to confide to us the contents

of a letter just received, we "don't listen."

Now for my last "*don't listen.*" Often groundless rumors get started concerning epidemics among our student body. It is, of course, a temptation to exaggerate a little, but if we would only go to the proper authorities and find out the truth about rumors, before we repeat them, much excitement and time would be saved. If you hear that the whole noble seven hundred are threatened with hydrophobia, "don't listen."

E. A. C.

The girl who is always chattering away on every scatterbrained idea that pops into her head is constantly surrounded by an admiring crowd. But does it always pay? Think of the embarrassing scenes into which the irrepressible young miss is forever getting; the overheard conversation on the corridor, the scream during quiet hour, the collision with that dignified faculty in the postoffice! But these things, think you, are trite; is there no other reason why we should not cultivate this unpremeditated expression of vagrant ideas? Indeed yes! This human chatterbox has not the slightest notion of clear, connected thoughts, has no respect for the old friends—unity and coherence—we most wish to cultivate here in our college. Then, girls, let us think before we act, look before we leap, and so make of ourselves well trained, efficient women, fitted to cope with the problems of life in a work-a-day world. E. R.

That, however, does not mean stony silence, but on the other hand fuller self-expression; that is, the living out of our own individualities. Did it ever occur to you to ask

yourself just how much of your behavior, dress and speech are not really you at all, but a sort of patchy outer layer, as if you had sauntered among vari-colored fresh paints?

We dress in this fashion because some one said it was the style, or in that, because, in our hurried shopping, we bought the first thing offered us regardless of its becomingness, suitability and, above all, its individuality.

We adopt a certain mannerism in speech or gesture because it catches our attention when used by some one else, and whether it is expressive of what we mean or is at all in keeping with our own individual style of speech, we immediately bestride it and, tramping our own individualities under foot, ride out into the procession.

We take courses when we come to college, not because they offer training for the phases of our natures which cry out for expression, but because some one said this was easy, or we heard this was interesting, or this led to a well paid job.

"If a man can make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten track to his door."

Self expression is not a thing of chance; we must search for the thing we can do best, and seek to make it ours; that is, express ourselves through it.

These matters of dress, mannerisms, speech and courses of study seem trivial in themselves, but they set the life habits for either uniformity or individuality.

There is something different in each of us and we owe it to ourselves and our community to contribute that stone which will perfect the mosaic of the great scheme of life. M. G.

How I wish I might warn you away from all the snares and delusions that you are likely to experience! But since this is impossible, I will try to tell you just what I mean by college snares and delusions, hoping the definition may be illuminating enough to serve as a warning.

First, or rather snare number one: cultivate, if you haven't already, the right attitude toward the postoffice. I am not sure that I know just what the right attitude is; perhaps it depends on the contents of your box, but I can tell you the wrong attitude. Don't regard the postoffice as a place for general loafing, gossip and meditation. If you must loaf, go to the park, where it is more pleasant. (I won't say, if you must gossip, because you mustn't.) If you must meditate, go to your room and there perhaps you may meditate with the aid of a broom and dust pan. So avoid the snare of spending unnecessary time in the postoffice.

Now for a delusion: maybe you are suffering from the delusion that you are being neglected and aren't appreciated. If you are thinking

this, forget it. Just as much as you put in this college community, that will you get out. You just go cheerfully on your way and forget yourself and you won't be neglected and you will be appreciated.

E. A. C.

Among the first pages in our Magazine this month we find one on which there is printed a complete list of the people in Greensboro who patronize us, or in other words, who advertise in our Magazine. This list has been put in the Magazine to serve a definite purpose. Of course, we all know this purpose, but in order to fix it in our minds, let us hear it again. These people are handing us over checks which range from four to thirty dollars for this advertising. This money goes towards supporting *our* Magazine, and these people do this for us as well as for themselves. In return I think it is nothing less than up to every Normal girl to examine very carefully this list, and, so far as possible, trade at the places named.

E. McC.

The problem of life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger.

—David Starr Jordan.

Weakness on both sides is, we know, the motto of all quarrels.

—Voltaire.

Y. W. C. A.

MINNIE B. LONG, '17, CORNELIAN

During the past summer, we had the Summer School Y. W. C. A. To carry on this work, a chairman and six sub-chairmen were elected by the Association. These were: Chairman, Carrie Goforth; sub-chairmen, Sue Ramsey Johnson, Carol Hughes, Evelyn McCullers, Maggie S. Howell, Arnette Hathaway and Juanita Kessler. Vesper services were held every other Sunday night and every Wednesday night. The social committee entertained the six-week students. The work of the Social Service Committee at the Children's Home was very interesting.

The opening address of the fall term was made Sunday night, September 17th, by Dr. J. I. Foust. There was a duet by Misses Howell and Long.

On Wednesday, September 20th, Miss Brooks, our General Secretary, presented plans for the voluntary study courses. It was decided that we should have these courses in the Sunday schools as we did last year.

Sunday, September 24th, we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. C. F. Meyers, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. His subject was "The Remaking of Marred Lives." This was indeed a very impressive and helpful talk. Mr. Clark, of Philadelphia, sang a solo.

At the midweek prayer service, September 27th, Miss Laura H. Coit spoke to us. We always enjoy hearing Miss Coit.

On Sunday, October 1st, Mr. Hilliard, pastor of the Forest Avenue Baptist Church, gave us an interesting talk on missions.

On Sunday afternoon, October 1st, there was a meeting of the entire cabinet of the Association. All students and faculty were invited to be present. This was a very enthusiastic meeting, as the girls who held eight-week clubs during the summer gave very interesting reports, and the committees gave reports of what they had already done this year and of their plans for the entire year.

Stay at home in your mind:
Don't recite other people's opinions.

—Emerson.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve,
but the will to labor.

—Bulwer Lytton.

Among Ourselves

As the dusk gathered on the evening of September 14th, the glimmer of a bonfire on the athletic field drew the new and old girls to join, at the invitation of the Junior class, in a "get acquainted" and general fun meeting. Games were played, songs were sung and finally quite a number of impromptu stunts were given. At the ringing of the campus bell the tired, but happy throng dispersed, feeling that this was an innovation worth repeating.

On the evening of September 16th, the annual College Night Reception was held by the old students in honor of the newcomers in our community. In the auditorium the following program was presented:

Welcome: Ruth Kernodle, President of student body; Louise Mad-drey, President of Y. W. C. A.

Glimpses of College Life—

Student Government Association

Athletic Association

Dramatic Club

Young Women's Christian Association

Literary Societies

College Magazine.

Between these numbers local color songs were sung by a chorus, and at the close of the performance a placard bearing the inscription:

"Passed by the National Board of Censorship"
presented itself to view.

This program was followed by an informal reception in the society halls where the classes sang catchy little songs to the new students and refreshments of orange ice and wafers were served.

On Friday evening, September 30th, our faculty entertained in honor of its new members and the faculty of the Greensboro College for Women. The society halls of the Students' Building had been beautifully decorated with palms and goldenrod, and as our guests arrived here, they were met by Mrs. Albright, Miss Dameron, Miss Parker and Miss Eleanore Elliott, who introduced them to Mr. and Mrs. Foust, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Miss Coit and Miss King. Several of the charter members of the college faculty, Mr. and Mrs. Forney, Miss Mendenhall, Miss Fort, with Dr. Gove and Miss Petty, greeted our friends as they passed into the Adelphian Hall, where were Miss Sever-son, Miss Sousley, Miss Exum, Mr. and Mrs. Wade Brown, and others of our faculty to make them welcome. While Hood's Orchestra furnished music, refreshments were served by the marshals in the Cornelian Hall.



ELIZA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

Miss Elliot (on Junior History class): "What was the most important characteristic of the Romans?"

F. M.: "The Roman nose."

Junior (to Freshman on corner): "Have you seen the jitney bus?"

Innocent Freshman: "No; who is he? Is he good looking?"

Freshman: "I am going to stop drinking coffee. It isn't good for one's complexion."

Junior: "It destroys your equilibrium, too."

Freshman: "What are you talking about? That is what Dr. Gudger keeps fish in."

Freshman English teacher to class: "I want you to write a theme on the most important thing in your home town."

Freshman: "How would an autobiography do?"

Junior music student: "Well, Mr. Scott-Hunter, I don't see how you get that in your head."

Mr. Scott-Hunter (rubbing bald head): "See, it is evident why it reaches the neurones in my head quicker than in yours."

Professor of Physics: "What is a vacuum?"

Junior: "I have it in my head, but cannot get it out."

Junior (to Freshman): "Have you ever taken chloroform?"

Freshman: "No; who teaches it?"

Senior: "I have a friend who has St. Vitus' Dance."

Freshman: "Is that anything like the pigeon walk?"

E. C., after having had a dozen pairs of shoes fitted, remarked: "All these shoes are too long and tight for my feet."

Polite clerk: "Madame, all the shoes this season are long and narrow."

E. C.: "Yes, I know that, but these are my last season's feet."

A Freshman was seen coming from the infirmary the other day with several spots of cotton adhering to the different localities of her face. One especially prominent one was a downy patch on her upper lip. She seemed to be getting along all right until she met Miss Moore, when she turned and

fled, running into a Junior at the first corner.

Junior: "Well, what in the world is the matter?"

Freshman (pointing to her upper lip): "I've just met Miss Moore and I'm scared to death she's going to report me to Dr. Foust for appearing on the campus in men's attire."

IF

'Seuse us, Kip.

If you can keep the rules when all about you
Are breaking them and blaming it on you;
If you can bluff your way when "Facs" all
doubt you,
Yet make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be bored by waiting,
Or being hurried on, don't lose your head,
Or being noticed, don't give 'way to prating,
Yet neither spread yourself, nor yet seem
dead.

If you can "sit" and not make "sits" sar-
castic;
Or being pleasant don't make life too tame;
If you can meet with physics and gym-
nastics,
And treat these two deceivers just the same,
If you can bear to see bluff you've spoken
Punctured by grinds, yet love those grinders
too;

You'll soon be sprouting winglets as a token
Of the glory which is only for the few.

*L. Marie Lineberger,
Nelle Robertson.*

A little Training School girl who had been told to bring to school an essay of two hundred and fifty words on the bicycle, wrote the following:

"My auntie has a bicycle. One day she went out for a ride. When she got about a mile from home, her dress caught in the chain and threw her off and broke her wheel. I guess this is about fifty words, and my auntie used the other two hundred words while carrying her bicycle home."

Dr. Gudger: "This species of plant belongs to the azalea family."

Aspiring Freshman: "Oh, yes, I see. You are taking care of it for them while they are away."

Junior English Teacher: "What tense do I use when I say, 'I was beautiful?'"

Smart Junior: "Remotest past."

ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Ruth Kernodle	President	Belle Mitchell	Secretary
Estelle Dillon	Vice-President	Mary Howell	Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Nancy Stacy, Richmond County, Adelpkian

Cornelian

Norma Styron	Craven County
Alice Poole	Guilford County
Ruth Roth	Vance County
Nancy Porter	Mecklenburg County
Belle Bullock	Robeson County

Adelpkian

Frances Morris	Davie County
Elizabeth Moses	Orange County
Marianne Richards	Rowan County
Eva McDonald	Wayne County
Laura Sumner	Randolph County

Literary Societies

Adelpkian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Norma Styron	President	Annie Simpson Pierson	Secretary
Isabelle Bouldin	Vice-President	Sallie Conner	Treasurer
Hope Watson	Critic	Hattie Lee Horton	Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Madelyn Thompson	President	Leafie Spear	Secretary
Mildred Ellis	Vice-President	Jessie McKee	Treasurer
Elizabeth Rountree	Critic		

Sophomore Class

Mary Lathrop	President	Elizabeth Hinton	Secretary
Marjorie Craig	Vice-President	Mary Bradley	Treasurer
Bessie Hoskins	Critic	Charlotte Cranford	Cheer Leader

Y. W. C. A.

Louise Maddrey	President	Ruth Reade	Secretary
Minnie Long	Vice-President	Artelee Puett	Treasurer

Athletic Association

Annie Daniel President |

Gladys Emerson	Senior Vice-President	Clara Armstrong	Special Vice-President
Mary Moyle	Junior Vice-President	Gladys Murrill	Secretary
Allene Reid	Sophomore Vice-President	Elizabeth Thames	Treasurer
Annie Mae Pharr	Freshman Vice-President	Eliza Collins	Critic